

Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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October Sweetness.

Draw deeply from the illimitable wells of air, in these days of ripe autumn that too swiftly pass—days of sunny, cool sweetness, whose breath is a draught of vital cordial, the ethereal essence of the departing luxuriance of tree and flower and fruit, of the generous garnering of summer warmth and growth. In such days as these the sense of the earth's inherent life possesses me as perfectly as in the awakening spring. The mere aspects of Nature are those of abandoning life,—for the leaves are growing into floral glory, and here and there deserting the tree; the grasses are in seed and clothing the pastures in dun sobriety; the vetches lean their vine-brown straws in groups amid the dull field golden-rods; the asters glorify the road-sides and the brush heaps at the edges of the wood, and in the sweet serenity of forest lanes the latest of golden-rods extends its gracile spray; the reaped buckwheat fields redden the view with stubble, broken by small pyramids of bound grain; the light brown corn-stooks are set off by the pumpkin's yellow chrome across weedy acres; and indeed the surface of earth is never richer in color than now, while so prophetic of the end. The season is full of content, fit for rest. The happy fullness of achievement is its language, and its healthy message to our hearts. So in the rich, varied colors of the fields and the splendor of the forests we feel the signal of repose, and a benign influence steals over and transforms the human restfulness to acquiescence with the spirit of the autumn, with the coming trance of Nature, whose breathing wafts over—

"Meadows drowned in happy sleep."

—The Saunterer.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER surmounted himself with pets as it were the necessities of life. A favorite poodle accompanied him in all his journeyings and must not be excluded from any house where he visited. "Love me, love my dog." His birds hopped over the page on which he was writing, he waiting the while with suspended pen and continuing patience until they should pass. A tame squirrel sat upon his shoulder in his walks about town; and once, at the christening of a friend's child, where Jean Paul was to stand godfather, having forgotten to leave the creature behind, he was obliged to put it in his pocket and with difficulty prevented its escape with his left, while with right hand and arm he held the babe.

—Dr. Hedge's Hours.

Dan in Prison.

As he sat in chapel, Dan observed several guests in the seats reserved for them, and looked anxiously to see if any familiar face was there; for he had a mortal fear that some one from home would suddenly confront him. No, all were strangers, and he soon forgot them in listening to the chaplain's cheerful words, and the sad singing of many heavy hearts. People often spoke to the convicts, so it caused no surprise when, on being invited to address them, one of the ladies rose and said she would tell them a little story; which announcement caused the younger listeners to prick up their ears, and even the older ones to look interested; for any change in their monotonous life was welcome.

The speaker was a middle-aged woman in black, with a sympathetic face, eyes full of compassion, and a voice that seemed to warm the heart, because of certain motherly tones in it. She reminded Dan of Mrs. Jo, and he listened intently to every word, feeling that each was meant for him, because by chance, they came at the moment when he needed a softening memory to break up the ice of despair which was blighting all the good impulses of his nature.

It was a very simple little story, but it caught the men's attention at once, being about two soldiers in a hospital during the late war, both badly wounded in the right arm, and both anxious to save these bread-winners and go home unmaimed. One was patient, docile, and cheerfully obeyed orders, even when told that the arm must go. He submitted and after much suffering recovered, grateful for life, though he could fight no more. The other rebelled, would listen to no advice, and having delayed too long, died a lingering death, bitterly regretting his folly when it was too late. "Now, as all stories should have a little moral, let me tell you mine," added the lady, with a smile, as she looked at the row of young men before her, sadly wondering what brought them there.

"This is a hospital for soldiers wounded in life's battle; here are sick souls, weak wills, insane passions, blind consciences, all the ills that come from broken laws, bringing their inevitable pain and punishment with them. There is hope and help for every one, for God's mercy is infinite and man's charity is great; but penitence and submission must come before the cure is possible. Pay the forfeit manfully, for it is just; but from the suffering and shame wring new strength for a nobler life. The scar will remain, but it is better for a man to lose both than his soul; and these hard

years, instead of being lost, may be made the most precious of your lives, if they teach you to rule yourselves. O friends, try to outlive the bitter past, to wash the sin away, and begin anew. If not for your own sakes, for that of the dear mothers, wives, and children, who wait and hope so patiently for you. Remember them, and do not let them love and long in vain. And if there be any here so forlorn that they have no friends to care for them, never forget the Father whose arms are always open to receive, forgive, and comfort His prodigal sons, even at the eleventh hour."

There the little sermon ended; but the preacher felt these few words had not been uttered in vain, for one boy's head was down, and several faces wore the softened look which told that a tender memory was touched. Dan was forced to set his lips to keep them steady, and drop his eyes to hide the sudden dew that dimmed them when "waiting, hoping friends" were spoken of. He was glad to be alone in his cell again, and sat thinking deeply, instead of trying to forget himself in sleep. It seemed as if those words were just what he needed to show him where he stood and how fateful the next few days might be to him. Should he join the "bad lot," and perhaps add another crime to the one already committed, lengthen the sentence already so terrible to bear, deliberately turn his back on all that was good, and mar the future that might yet be redeemed? Or should he, like the wiser man in the story, submit, bear the just punishment, try to be the better for it; and though the scar would remain, it might serve as a reminder of a battle not wholly lost, since he had saved his soul though innocence was gone? Then he would dare go home, perhaps, confess, and find fresh strength in the pity and consolation of those who never gave him up.

—Miss Alcott's Jo's Boys.

It should be a solemnizing thought that the tiniest bits of opinion sown in the minds of children, in private life, afterwards issue forth to the world and become its opinion; for nations are gathered out of nurseries, and they who hold the leading strings of children may exercise even a greater power than those who hold the reins of government.

—Boston Transcript.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

That Molly Dog.

Several years ago an Adams Express agent, living in Pillsbury, was awakened by his wife, who for some hours had been unable to sleep because of the piteous cries and moans of Molly, a black and tan terrier puppy, which had been "dropped" into the Shelleys' yard after dark by a neighbor lad, who, to save her from being drowned, as his father had ordered, hoped to find for her in this way a home.

"Do get up, James. It's past midnight, and I've not been able to sleep a wink. Perhaps it's a baby out in the sleet and snow," urged Mrs. Shelley, as the moans grew fainter.

Mr. Shelley did get up, lighted a lantern, and going out the back door, cautiously looked about, holding the light close to the sleet and snow covered ground, and finding under his bed-room window Molly almost frozen. He carried into the house the "poor beastie," warmed and fed her, then wrapped her in flannel. In two days she had entirely recovered, minus the tip of her tail, which the cold had nipped until amputation was necessary, and endeavored in a puppyish way to express her gratitude toward her new master.

Annoyed by Molly's habit of carrying off small articles, Mrs. Shelley wished to send her away.

"I'd like to keep her, wife," pleaded Mr. Shelley. "She is a bright little dog and perhaps she will outgrow her mischief soon."

When Molly had grown older and more sedate she became Mr. Shelley's shadow, following him everywhere and guarding his property with zealous care. Late one Saturday evening she went with her master to the grocer's, which was crowded with men who had just drawn their week's wages. Some of them had been drinking heavily, and one, noted for his brutality when under the influence of liquor, slyly appropriated a cleaver that lay upon the meat-block, then going close to Mr. Shelley raised his arm to strike the unsuspecting man in the back, unseen by any eye except the watchful ones of Molly. In an instant her sharp little teeth were set in his ankle, causing him to roar with pain, and the bystanders to see the intent of the brutal fellow, whom they soon had in safe keeping. Molly immediately became a heroine, but no amount of coaxing could wile her even for a few moments from her master's side.

Mr. Shelley was often obliged to keep in his house large sums of money belonging to the express company, as there was no bank in the village. His wife constantly feared a visit from burglars, and to satisfy her Mr. Shelley kept close in the house after dark. Molly's bed of straw lay in the side yard, directly under the window in her master's bed-room. She would lie in no other spot.

After the peach harvest many valuable money packages were received, and often were uncalled for by their owners for days after their arrival. The last week in August the Shelleys were guardians of several thousand dollars, and Mrs. Shelley's nervousness increased until restful sleep was impossible. Molly was unusually watchful, which added to her annoyance.

"James," said the heavy-eyed wife, after a sleepless night, "I can no longer endure Molly's incessant barking and snapping. Could it be that prowlers were around last night?"

"I think it is likely that Molly was barking at the moon, or a prowling cat," replied Mr. Shelley, lightly.

The next night Molly provoked even good tempered Mr. Shelley, who, unable to sleep, went repeatedly to the window, bidding her "keep still."

On the morning after, Mr. Shelley had no kindly greeting for Molly. "For shame, Molly. You're a naughty dog," said Mrs. Shelley, showing her displeasure by soundly cuffing Molly's ears. With drooping head and tail Molly left the kitchen, and creeping into the darkest corner in the wood house, she remained there several hours, refusing to come to dinner when called.

"Where's Molly," inquired Mr. Shelley, at tea time. "She must have a saucer of real cream for her supper. It seems, wife, that we owe it to our little dog that our house wasn't ransacked by thieves last night. Three well-known men have been committing a series of thefts, and have escaped detection until to-day, when the goods taken from the post office and Brown's store last night were found in their house and identified. The three brothers live together, and are a set of desperadoes who have been planning to get possession of the express money. The eldest one and the leader confessed to everything, and stated in his confession that Molly's vigilance had more than once foiled them in their efforts to get near our house; that she refused to be tempted into tasting the poisoned bits of meat they threw in the yard, and they dared not risk shooting her. 'Drat that cur,' the villain said, scowling at me as I sat in the court room hearing the evidence, 'if it hadn't been for that Molly dog, we'd have had that five thousand dollars fast enough!'"

"Molly! Molly!" called Mrs. Shelley, and the little dog, recognizing a different tone in the voice of her mistress, came bounding into the house, almost frenzied in her gladness to be taken back into favor. She received the double amount of petting bestowed upon her by her two grateful owners, with glad and expressive barks, her bright eyes shining with almost human intelligence.

Molly lived fourteen years, a faithful four-footed friend to the end of her days.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

Sedalia, Mo.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Bushy-tail.

A beautiful gray squirrel had his home on a lady's country-place, near Boston. The lady was an invalid, and the lively, pretty ways of this little creature gave her much amusement and pleasure. She often sat and watched him as he played about, sprang from tree to tree, and gathered up his stores for the coming winter. She used to throw out nuts for him, and he grew so tame that he would come on the bank under her windows to get them. One day this poor little fellow, who had been accustomed to protection and kindness, roved too far from his safe and happy home. Two idle boys who were out with a gun saw him, and marked him for their prey. He rushed along towards his familiar refuge, and they pursued him even into the lady's own grounds. There they fired. She heard the report of the gun, and ran out; but she was too late. Before she could reach the spot they had fired again, and her poor little pet fell from the branches before her eyes. She took him tenderly in her hand. The blood was trickling from his side, and those graceful, active little limbs never moved again. His innocent, joyous life was ended by those cruel boys. They had taken what did not belong to them, and what they could never restore. They did not realize what a sorrow and pain they caused to that lady, who missed him sadly. Nor did they know, probably, that according to the game laws they subjected themselves to a fine of \$10. As a warning for the future, let them understand this, and that there is also a fine of \$10 for killing insectivorous and song birds at any time, and a fine of \$20 for "trapping, snaring and ferreting of birds and animals, and setting snares at all times."

Is it not strange that horses will rarely hurt a child, or any person that is fond of them? To see a drove of a hundred, or even a hundred and fifty, unbroken colts branded and turned out to grow up was a common occurrence. I could go among them, catch them, climb on their backs, and they never offered to hurt me; they seemed to consider it fun. They would come up and touch me with their noses and prance off around and around me; but just let a man come near them, and they were off like the wind.

—Mrs. Beardslee.

Milliners vs. Sportsmen.

Under the above title the *Boston Globe* has something to say in behalf of the feather-workers and those who wear the products of their clever fingers, then arraigns for inconsistency some of the men who cried aloud against woman's cruelty.

If one asks hundreds of the sterner sex who joined in this wild outcry against the cruelty of women how they intend to spend their vacations this summer or fall, ninety-nine out of every hundred will answer either "hunting" or "fishing," and in these two words lies the text of a mighty sermon. What is implied by them save a wilful, premeditated, and unnecessary taking of the "happy and innocent little lives" about which these same men waxed so eloquent a few months since? The plea so often made that these animals are killed for food is, in the vast majority of cases, not honest. The city man who spends days at the seashore with rod and line, or in whipping the inland lakes and trout streams, seldom needs for food what he takes. It is the "sport" which he is after; and this is as true of him who goes out with his rifle. He neither needs nor wishes for food the tough, fish-flavored ducks nor the tiny sand-pipers which he shoots. His sole object and desire is to kill something, as he proves by blazing away at woodchucks, rabbits, chipmunks and robins, when no larger game offers itself. The poor fox who is hunted to so cruel a death is never used for food, and the list is almost endless of the poor, helpless wild creatures, small and great, which people our mountains, forests and prairies with harmless, happy lives, and are annually sacrificed in great numbers to gratify the "sportsman's" desire for recreation. Men enact game laws for the protection of various animals during the breeding season, and why? From considerations of love and mercy towards these helpless creatures? Well, not wholly. Game laws are made and enforced in order that hunters may not lose the sport of which they are so fond, and for no other reason.

Let us be just to the women, and admit that on the score of cruelty the sportsman cannot afford to throw stones at the milliner.

Nature and Man.

It is a question not easily to be settled where cruelty begins, when one begins to regard animals as so much food and fair game for the sportsman. The love of animals is a source of culture to mind and heart. It is not impossible for the sportsman to keep his tender heart and his love for animals. It is possible for the pursuit of game to become a brutalizing pastime. No one can doubt that it ceases to be justifiable when it lowers the tone of the sportsman. * * *

It is a puzzle to some that, while the love of animals is said to be humanizing, some of the most brutal men are those who associate on familiar terms with dogs and horses; but that which attracts them is commonly not the love of the creature, but the love of the sport which the creature can furnish. Take away the gain and the excitement of the contests in which animals suffer, and the love of animals would not appear to be a trait of brutal men. * * *

Vacation will give something of a finer flavor to him who comes into such relations with the beauty of life about him that to kill and eat seems a species of cannibalism. To children who have reared pet animals, the killing of them seems like murder. Even the roosters of the brood, only fit for "broilers," the children who have fed them reject as food. This is a hint of the relations possible always between man and the brute. The man always improves by such relationship. His thought of nature is grander and stronger, and the pleasures he derives from it keener and finer when he enters into social relations with the life about him.

—Christian Register.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost, to every person who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it. To every Band formed in America of thirty or more, we send, also without cost, "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdotes and instruction, our monthly paper, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a copy of "Band of Mercy" songs and hymns. To every American teacher who forms a Band of twenty or more, we send the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

All we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The twelve "Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole bound together in one pamphlet.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member* of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage-stamp have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Jerry.

[Extract from a letter from a friend in the country.]

There is a tame crow in the place, owned by some one up the road, but he visits us all, and we keep blueberries and gingersnaps in our rooms to coax him in. He comes flying over to the piazza roof, and we hear him walking about, and open our blinds, holding out something in our hands to show our friendly intentions. This he ponders over, looks at us from every possible angle with the gravest concern, then assumes a sly look, pretends he sees mischief in our overtures and is equal to it; he almost winks at us. Finally he settles it that we are trustworthy and lands on the sill. Having once accepted us he takes no end of interest in our affairs. He isn't over hungry, as every one feeds him, though he pretends to eat what we give him, but we find later when he gets interested in playing that he has only stowed it away in his long beak and out it comes again with his croaks and caws; then, as he considers it valuable, he stops and really eats it. He pulls at our clothes, pecks at our books and papers, looks over the fir-balsam and carries a piece away to examine more closely; seems to make a study of the "boarder" and all his belongings, and looks as though he had just stepped out of the fable.

That is the way I would like to keep a bird, free as a wild bird with all the protection and comfort of a tame one. Everybody knows "Jerry"—he is on good terms with the farmers; you can see him examining the harnesses, counting the cows, studying the habits of chickens, taking a deep interest in all the affairs of the town. He might be the subject of interesting sketches if a master-hand were on the spot to take note of him. Yesterday he followed two of the boys into the orchard, flying from tree to tree after them. We heard the people on the piazza cry out, "O, look at Jerry!" and looking out saw the two boys marching down the road with Jerry balancing himself on the straw hat of one of them. The boys were pleased to amuse the people so, and followed Jerry about for hours afterwards as he sat on shed or fence, thrusting out their heads to him, and he seemed to understand, for several times he stepped with much dignity on their hats and allowed himself to be carried about, though he had to yield his dignity and flap his black wings to keep his footing.

He came down to the pump when we stood there drinking, the other day, so we offered him a cupful; he drank a little, then in went his head, and he threw the water over him. We saw he wanted a bath, and brought out a big bowl for him, but he is such a big bird the moment he jumped on the edge he upset it, and this seemed to frighten him for he flew high into a tree and croaked dismally about it; but as he has never been hurt he has much confidence, and came down soon to overturn the bowl as many times as the children would fill it; he seemed to be amused in a solemn way, and got sufficiently wet to call it a bath. He got in at the open window of Miss Goldthwait's room when she was absent, and on her return she found he had pulled her bouquet of golden-rod into bits on the floor, "not for mischief," she said, "but because he is fond of working over bright colors."

Women are about the best lovers of nature, after all; at least of nature in her milder and more familiar forms. The feminine character, the feminine perceptions, intuitions, delicacy, sympathy, quickness, etc., are more responsive to natural forms and influences than is the masculine mind.

— John Burroughs.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Sancho.

Writers in all ages and in all lands have often employed their pens in writing about dogs. They have been made the subject of many beautiful poems, while skilful artists have immortalized them in beauty of form, color, or graceful position, upon canvas. But I am not going to write an essay or poem, or paint a picture of a dog, only tell the children who read the pages of "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" a short story of Sancho, a very intelligent dog, though not remarkable for beauty.

Several years ago Sancho was purchased by a lady who presented him to her father for a Christmas gift. In a short time the dog became a favorite with all the family, and by his sagacity, fidelity, and general good behavior, gave evidence of high-born lineage and pure pedigree. For several months Sancho's conduct was all that could be desired by his admiring friends. He was his master's daily companion to and from his place of business, and when the labors of the day were over would lie at his feet contented.

But this happy fellowship was of short continuance. Sancho had formed quite a large circle of acquaintances, and under their influence he formed habits of wandering about the town, spending much of his time in the neighbors' door-yards, to the annoyance of their hens, and the alarm of their pet cats. Complaints came often to the master, and after several family consultations it was decided to find a new home for Sancho in some inland town, away from old associates and old haunts. This was no difficult task, and in a few days he was taken from the seaport city to one of the rural districts, and in the family of a well-to-do farmer found all that was needful to make a dog's life peaceful and happy. Here he soon became domesticated, and by his uniform good conduct won the admiration of all the household.

At the expiration of four weeks Sancho was one day among the missing. Nowhere about the house or grounds could he be found. The day wore on, darkness settled down over the face of the earth, but Sancho came not. On the second day he returned about noon, looking somewhat worn and weary. On the next market day, when the farmer drove to the seaport city, he learned from Sancho's master that the dog had been to visit them and passed the night at the house, and in the morning, on being told that he must go home, he bade them good-by with a wag of his tail, and started on the dog-trot for his new quarters.

It is now more than two years since Sancho left his beautiful home by the sea, where he was loved and kindly cared for, but he never forgets this home and the kind friends of his early doghood. About once in two months he trots over the road from the inland town to the seaport city, a distance of eight miles, goes directly to the house of his former master, and there rattles away at the gate, or by quick, sharp barks, makes known his presence. Once admitted into the house he goes from room to room, frantic with canine delight, and manifesting for every individual member of the household an especial fondness and unabated love.

He is provided with a good breakfast and dinner, and sufficient time given him for rest after his long run. Then the door is opened, and in a gentle but firm voice the command is given: "Now, Sancho, go home," and without any whines or complaints this faithful dog goes home, well satisfied and contented with his brief visit. Now, boys and girls, I trust you will never manifest any other than a spirit of kindness, gentleness and mercy towards a race of animals who are noted for their fidelity, intelligence and sagacity, and of which Sancho is only one of many remarkable specimens.

A FRIEND TO DOGS.

Braywood.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At the head of others, hit their own.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1886.

At September Directors' meeting the Secretary referred to President Angell's continuance in humane work in the West. The North Dakota Humane Society has been organized at Fargo, and addresses made at Grand Rapids and Jamestown as well as before the public schools of Fargo and Valley City. There has been a very great demand for humane literature, notably at Bar Harbor, where a zealous lady has distributed much at her own cost. In August 179 complaints had been investigated by city agents, 4 prosecutions made, 24 animals taken from work, and 108 mercifully killed.

SOME OF PRESIDENT ANGELL'S WORK.

In addition to his humane work in Dakota, mentioned in our last issue, he addressed the public schools of Valley City, a union meeting of churches at Jamestown, and a fine audience of farmers at Grand Rapids.

How effectively he has labored may be judged by the following extract from the *Valley City Daily Times*:—

AN INSTRUCTIVE LECTURE BEFORE THE PUPILS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Hon. George T. Angell, of Boston, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, addressed the children of the Valley City public schools on Wednesday, on the subject of kindness to animals. The address was one of rare interest, the young people manifesting their delight by their undivided attention for nearly one hour. We believe the lesson inculcated will be long remembered and result in deeds of mercy to those who cannot speak for themselves. Noble man! noble calling! Happy indeed must he be who "goes about doing good." A treat of unusual pleasure and profitable instruction awaits those audiences and schools whose fortune it may be to listen to this humane gentleman.

His labors were resumed in Minneapolis, where on the 23d ult. he gave an address in the vestry of Rev. Dr. Tuttle's church—the next day an hour's address to about five hundred young gentlemen and ladies in the City High School—on Sunday evening, Sept. 27, he spoke to a large audience in the Church of the Redeemer—on Monday evening he dined with and addressed some two hundred of the leading Congregationalists of Minneapolis and St. Paul, composing the Congregational Club—and the next morning he addressed the faculty and about two hundred and fifty students of Minneapolis State University.

The gift of continuance in good works, surely.

Sunday, Oct. 3, was to be spent in Detroit, not altogether as a day of rest probably, and the next point of labor was likely to be in Lockport, whence had come an urgent invitation.

The officers of the North Dakota Humane Society are wisely selected from the most prominent and useful citizens, without reference to political or sectarian lines. Charles A. Pollock, Esq., President; Martin Ryan, Esq., Secretary; Mrs. E. H. Smith, Corresponding Secretary; A. A. Andrews, Esq., Treasurer. One of the Directors is S. S. Blanchard, Esq., an active and influential citizen who is well and favorably known in Boston.

THE GOODNESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

In a charming little poem, "The Children," said to have been found in the desk of Charles Dickens after his death, and probably from the great novelist's pen, are these words:

"I have taught them the goodness of knowledge;
They have taught me the goodness of God!"

A happy suggestion of the reciprocal nature of real educational work. No honest teacher can give truly from his store of information without receiving some benefit in return.

That there have been many grave mistakes in the evolution of our educational system no experienced teacher will deny; that many erroneous views and practices are yet to be outgrown is undoubtedly true. Pending the improvement that is sure to come out of the present active spirit of investigation, there is one thing that every man and woman who loves the young and would help them make their lives useful and beautiful can do: viz., to show the "goodness of knowledge." The study of geology opens new and fascinating pages of the earth's history; an acquaintance with botany makes each little wayside flower bloom with a beauty that the richest bouquet cannot yield to the eye of ignorance, while a knowledge of even the rudiments of zoology gives an insight into the life history of the principal insects, fishes and animals that lifts them at once into a higher sphere and introduces them to us as "our poor relations" whose services we may command but whose happiness we must earnestly consider.

The progress of human history shows a gradual increase in the value of human life and an ever growing respect for it. When the history of today and the not remote future is written it will show an ever increasing regard for *all* life, especially *all sentient* life. This is attained only by education, not alone of the brain but of the heart, a liberal *in*-formation or growth within, a clear insight into the goodness of knowledge from which ever comes an increasing appreciation of the "goodness of God." So educated the young shall daily enter into "a new heaven and a new earth." Purified from ignorance and selfishness mercy shall drop like the gentle dew from heaven, not only upon our brethren of the human family, but also on our dumb friends who plead their cause in the mute eloquence of their need.

The moral therefore is—educate—educate—and stimulate the world's appreciation of the "goodness of knowledge."

THE LATEST SENSATION.

Curious crowds of people have gathered about a jewelry window for weeks watching a great bug in gold harness and chain. This is said to be one of fashion's freaks for the decoration of Boston belles. Whether it is cruelty to the bug, as charged by some, or no more than a pastime to the insect, as claimed by others, may be a mooted question. It is certain that human skill can be better employed than fabricating gold chains and armor for mochette bugs. And whatever may be "good form" in other climes, it is incredible that hereabouts any woman of delicacy will have such creatures crawling over her person. It is vulgar. It is disgusting. It is suggestive of life among the lazzaroni.

FOXES HAVE HOLES.

Miss Maud Howe writes from Newport to the *Transcript* that American fox-hunting is likely to wilt:

"There is no room for the aristocratic pastime in this country. It is a forced importation, not a natural development, and will, I think, die like an exotic in an unfriendly soil."

Nevertheless, we read glowing accounts of great hunts that are to be in Essex County during the cool autumn days. An array of names is given of those "who hunt regularly," and those who hunt otherwise. There were several "meets" in September, and all the foxes still live. But it is said that "in October the fox will be hunted, and some rare sport is anticipated."

That wily animal may not agree to this. Securely hid in his snug covert he wonders why people will be so cruel to their horses as to ride them over the rough country at break-neck rate, is an amused listener to much jocund talk of the "brush" and being "in at the death," and marvels that the higher animals should find the pursuit of happiness in a mad gallop after an anise-bag.

The farmers whose fields and fences are ridden over rather like, it is said, "this breaking in upon the monotony of their rural tranquillity." And of one, that through fox-hunting he has just come in his old age to see "any fun in farming." The funny side of farming has never been discussed at the meeting of farmers. Let the "old farmer" give a recital there after the fall hunts are over, so that all the agricultural interest may have the benefit of it in the graphic reports of the *Ploughman*.

THE CRUEL PHASES OF HORSE RACING.

The Washington Humane Society has had in court a case of over-driving against one of the judges on a race track. The charge was dismissed on the ground that under the evidence, not the judge but the driver was responsible.

The Illinois Humane Society recently had parties arraigned in a Chicago court for cruelly over-driving an unfit horse in a steeple-chase. The case was stubbornly contested. The court held that while steeple-chases were not improper under certain circumstances, in the present instance the manager must have known that the horse was not a proper one for such races. A fine of \$25 was imposed. The jockey was declared excusable, as he had to ride by order of the manager.

The *Tribune* contains portraits of some of the actors pro and con. The lack of the usual beaming smile in President Shortall's may be accounted for by his noble rage against wrong-doers.

A RISING STAR.

All those who have visited the beautiful Island of Mount Desert will be interested and glad to learn that a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been started there. When they recall the delightful drives, with the views of mountains, woods and sea, and think of the patient horses who toiled for their enjoyment, they may feel inspired to send contributions to aid the new Society which aims to help those who cannot speak for themselves.

The treasurer is Geo. H. Grant, Main street, Bar Harbor, Maine.

A CENTENARIAN.

A notable event occurred in Gloucester last month. A venerable lady in good health, with clear mind, and with memory so wonderful that she repeated verses committed ninety years ago, received the congratulations of many friends at home and from abroad, and scores of citizens, on her centennial day. Gay streamers, profuse gifts of flowers, appropriate inscriptions, a festal banquet, made the handsome old mansion a scene long to be treasured in the memory of those who saw it. But most attractive feature of all was its aged mistress tastefully arrayed and receiving with graceful courtesy the cordial salutations. Prayer, hymn, addresses, poems, lent interest to the occasion. Among the last was the following:

TO MRS. MARY H. GILBERT,

ON HER 100TH BIRTHDAY SEPTEMBER 8, 1886.

One hundred years! five score in full to-day
Along this winding road thy feet have trod,
An hundred milestones mark the rugged way
With blessings scattered by the hand of God.

Thy early years were graced by fortune's smile;
Thy middle life betokened happy days;
Still later on thy playful friends beguile,
And sorrows vanquished joined the voice of praise.

Thus blest by heaven and by friends sincere,
Thy lengthened years o'er placid streams didst glide,
Except when death, relentless and severe,
Took from thy portals monitor and guide!

We hail this glorious morn that leap'd o'er time,
And marks again the day that gave thee birth;
We hail this Christian age—its joys sublime—
Its noble men and women of the earth!

We greet these many friends now gathered here;
Thrice welcome all around this festive board;
They come with flowers, fruit and wine, to cheer
With hands o'erburdened by their precious load.

Shall we recall dear friends of other days,
Whose spirits living linger at thy shrine;
Whose pledge of friendship all our love repays,
Whose benedictions seemed to us divine?

And now with grateful hearts we bend the knee;
Our prayers ascend to Him whose love we claim;
May health and ev'ry blessing follow thee,
While life shall last our love will be the same.

With pinions broadly spread these years have flown,
In "seventeen eighty-six" thy birth appears,
A world of changes through thy life is strewn,
Which crowns thine age with just one hundred years.

—SAMUEL E. SAWYER.

Brookbank, Sept. 8, 1886.

We live in deeds, not years;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

It was inadvertently stated in our last number that the Portland society's nineteenth annual report had been received. It should have been the ninth. Yet as the true measure of life is what is accomplished in it how reasonable to suppose that Society to be in its twentieth year of usefulness!

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

At the last monthly meeting of the San Francisco S. P. C. A., the President stated that Mrs. Boyd was very anxious to inaugurate Bands of Mercy in that city, to inculcate a spirit of affection and mercy toward dumb animals, and that she desired the sanction of the Society before proceeding with the good work.

A committee was appointed to consider the matter and report at a future meeting.

WAS SHE NOT RIGHT?

On a morning stroll last week through one of the city stores we came unexpectedly on a great display of skins and wings and heads of birds, tasteful in arrangement, and brilliant in color. As we gazed on them, mentally wondering if man would ever become wholly humane, and woman considerate, a gentle lady stopped and looked on the show with an air of deep concern. The master of the shop just then appeared and accosted her in a manner so deferential as to indicate her one of his best customers. She spoke in the soft, low voice that is an excellent thing in woman:

"I am surprised at this sight. I had hoped the public conscience had been too deeply touched for any reputable merchant to set forth such an exhibition for buyers. In many years' dealing with you I have found you always courteous and upright. Your goods have uniformly proved just as stated, your prices reasonable. Indeed, I could send a child here with entire confidence of being treated just as well as if I came myself. You are said to pay your employees fair wages, and to exact of them no more service than you ought. There fore it is all the more painful to say that I must transfer my custom to a place where my moral sense will not be shocked by such a sight as this. I am quite well aware, my dear sir, that a large portion of these tempting decorations are cunningly dyed products of the American barn-yard, and that my sisters often suppose themselves made attractive by choice ornaments from the tropics, when they are adorned in the feathers of dung-hill fowl. But this does not change the fact of a traffic in cruelty and suffering. You who sell, as do those who buy and wear, partake of the wrong of those who kill. Did it never occur to you that a great army of men and boys are led by this demand of fashion into cruel ways that tend downward? Will you consider that a great part of these bright things represent not only many beautiful birds needlessly and cruelly slain, but also an increase of brutality in mankind?"

If within a reasonable time this branch of your business is discarded, please let me hear from you."

Then the lady went her way. And the merchant became thoughtful.

The growth and spread of humane sentiment may be seen not alone in the great increase of special publications for its advocacy. Other journals, following the excellent example of the *New Orleans Weekly Picayune*, have now a special department for the purpose.

The *Naturopath* comes with a vigorous article against vivisection, with other kindred matters, and *The South*, a great quarto now in its thirty-second volume, heads its new humane section,—"A Campaign against cruelty." Long and successfully may the campaign be carried on.

Rural Grove, a little village in New York state, boasts that for a year no dog has been owned or sheltered within its limits. What a place to rear children in!

Where all words are so uniformly good as in the welcome publication, *Our Best Words*, it is difficult to designate any as its "best." But if there are any better than all others, we should say they are these:

Every farmer's family, every school teacher, and every one who has to deal with God's creatures, animal or human, should take that neat and helpful little monthly, *Our Dumb Animals*.

My Dog.

THIS dog of mine, his name is Guy;
Two friends we are, my dog and I;
He finds no fault with aught I do:
Where'er I go he goeth too;
Whate'er my wish, whate'er my whim,
'Tis law and gospel all to him;
Our tastes are similar, you see,
So I love him, and he loves me.

We both are fond of half-day jaunts
In quail resorts and partridge haunts;
We know the woods in every nook,
We know the course of every brook;
Going or coming, still we say
We both prefer the longer way;
Our tastes are similar, you see,
So I love him, and he loves me.

We are not lazy, he or I,
Yet well enjoy full length to lie
Where mosses kind a couch have spread,
And leaves are lisp'ing overhead;
Not lazy, no, but like the rest,
We like to do what suits us best;
Our tastes are similar, you see,
So I love him, and he loves me.

Good company is Guy; it seems
He knows the worth of thoughts and dreams;
Though all so dumb and absent I,
He ne'er complains or asks me why,
Nor counts it in the least absurd
To walk a mile without a word;
Our tastes are similar, you see,
So I love him, and he loves me.

"The happy are the wise," so said
Some great philosopher, I've read;
We like that creed, and as we can
We practice on it, dog and man;
Both Guy and I believe it best
To take the good and leave the rest;
Our tastes are similar, you see,
So I love him, and he loves me.

—Congregationalist.

Animals in the Earthquake.

The engine horses of Charleston escaped and ran in wild affright, snorting and neighing, to the terror of all they passed. In the country the horses neighed out their distress, and the cows bellowed piteously. Animals that were stabled tried to break away, and failing to do so trembled and shivered in an agony of fear. Those that were at large fled to the woods and sought to hide themselves from the mysterious danger in thickets and swamps. Half an hour after the frightful shock, a savage looking, but completely scared mastiff approached a reporter in the city, and licked his shoes, in mute appeal for help. Then the poor creature moved off and stopped, whining at everybody, and seeking admission on his terror stricken way.

It is alleged that at St. Johns Island at an early hour in the afternoon the sheep came hurriedly in from the fields, lay down in a circle and filled the air with their moans. And that the chickens went to roost long before dark and cackled for some time before the shock.

There is something solemn in the death of every living creature. No one can watch without any emotion the eye glazing in death of a faithful dog; the mild look of a dying bird; or the expiring throb of a wounded animal! Who can avoid the thought that something is going away which he cannot bring back, nor any power of his then stay, even for a while, the departure of?

—Rev. F. O. Morris.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

More About My Neighbors.

Is this a wounded bird that flutters almost under my feet, wabbling painfully from side to side and uttering a peculiar cry something like the whine of a very young puppy? No—a partridge, or more accurately, ruffed grouse, showing her mother love. Too well versed in woodcraft to let her deceive me into believing that I can catch her, I look sharply around and see a dozen or more little brown chicks scurrying in all directions and hiding under anything that will afford a cover. In a few seconds the mites are concealed so securely that you may hunt for hours, and not find one. I do not believe the old saying that "if the head is under the leaf the young partridge thinks itself safely hid," for my experience is that it hides the whole body, and very artfully too. I remain quiet awhile and watch. Just as I expected, the mother bird, thinking danger passed, clucks her chicks together and off they march.

The partridge nest is a very simple affair—only a small hollow filled with grass or leaves. This brood was hatched in sight of the camp, and within ten feet of the tree containing the tanager's nest. There was one egg when I found the nest, and another was added each day until fourteen were there, when the bird began to sit. On the sixteenth day of incubation one chick came out of the shell, and the next day all were out rambling, never to return to the nest but never straying far away. Partridges are as fond of the localities where they were reared as fowls are of their own barnyard, and if frightened away by dogs or huntsmen will invariably return. Their worst enemies are bird dogs from the city, which last season ran in the woods around here for several weeks, nosing out and killing most of the young. This year I have used on these dogs the mild persuasiveness of very fine shot with a harmless tingle, as an inducement to let my neighbors alone, the result of which will be a large increase of fall birds.

I believe the male bird to be always within call of its mate, for once while from a hiding-place I watched a brood feeding in a grassy woods-road a black snake seized one of the chicks by the wing. The mother flew to the rescue with a cry something like that made by hens when hawks are around. Immediately the male came crashing through the shrubbery at furious speed, flying so low as almost to strike my head. The snake was glad to drop its prey and retreat when both birds attacked it with their stout bills.

Near the camp is a large rock where the male partridges resort to drum. Writers are not agreed as to how this noise is made. From frequent watch of the performance I do not hesitate to say that the sound results from the wings beating the air. The bird begins with a slow motion, the sound corresponding to the stroke. This is increased until it is impossible to distinguish the wings, and the sound increases in proportion, ending at last in a prolonged roll.

In the low shrubbery that skirts an oak grove, and hanging from the forked twig of a dogwood bush, is the nest of a pair of white-eyed vireos. These birds are impulsive and irritable, and whenever I disturb them I receive a violent scolding. Just beyond, in the leafy open woods, is a similar nest belonging to the red-eyed vireo. It hangs from the horizontal limb of an oak tree. Both are pensile, and outside look like small wasp nests; in fact, they are built of shreds of wasp or hornet's nest, together with bark strips and blades of grass. They are cup-shaped and the walls are not much thicker than heavy brown paper, but so well made that the nest will often pass the winter uninjured. The eggs of all the vireos are rosy white, with or without spots. The red-eyed vireo is a persistent singer. It haunts the large oaks here in the forest, but may be found, as well, in the elms and other shade trees of the city, where its short, jerky notes are heard from morning till night throughout the summer. The heat has no effect on this tireless songster, but his song is un-

musical, almost harsh. Another bird of the same family, the warbling vireo, is a sweet singer. It also haunts the shade trees of the city, but is seldom seen, as it keeps well up in the foliage. It is a restless bird, ever flitting to and fro and constantly uttering its dreamy song in perfect harmony with the drowsy hours of a mid-summer's day.

In an old hemlock stub, that stands near the red-eyed vireo's nest, I found some interesting pets; two flying squirrels. They do not fly, as the name would suggest, but make a flying leap of some thirty feet for every ten feet in height. They sleep through the day, but at night are as playful as kittens. The color of the fur is a grayish brown, showing black beneath when disturbed, and is the softest fur imaginable. As they are cleanly, with sweet dispositions, they make desirable pets. I have had them two months or more, and they have become quite tame and friendly. I give them nuts and water once a day, at night. If I do not furnish food enough they are not asleep the next morning as usual, but cling to the wires of their cage and earnestly watch me till fed. There is such a wistful pleading look in their great wild eyes that one must be heartless, indeed, to withstand such mute entreaty.

I have other pets and one prisoner. The latter is a black snake, five feet two inches in length, hat was guilty of breaking up the home of a pair of brown thrushes by eating their dainty eggs. The birds nested near the camp and were under my protection. At one time an adder attacked the nest, when the birds made a great outcry and I went to the rescue and killed the intruder. This time I was away and only arrived in season to capture the enemy after the mischief was done. It does not cost much to keep my prisoner for he has refused to eat up to date, two months. I tempt him with the delicacies snakes are fond of, but he is sullen and seemingly opposed to eating while confined. He is on the point of crawling out of his skin, and I am interested to see it done.

HERMIT.

Eastern Massachusetts Birds.

At a summer field meeting of the Essex Institute, at West Newbury, Hon. Hayden Brown gave an address on birds.

There are 322 varieties recorded in Massachusetts, of which about 80 breed in Essex county. The birds of high colors moult several times before they reach their best plumage.

Robins are fast increasing. Their best singing is done just before daylight; and they are very noisy before the fulling of the moon.

Of the Field Sparrow there are 13 varieties. It is one of the commonest birds; always keeps near the ground; has a sad, serious note; and sings hours and hours together, but best at night.

The Linnet is a beautiful singer. It is a dandified dude among birds. The Brown Thrush is a wood bird. There are seven or eight kinds. They are fine singers, and sing best when alone and near shrubs and water. The Field Lark is not now common. It has a fine tone but is not a fine singer. The Vireo is noisy but not very musical. As a soloist it reminded the speaker of Ned Kendall on his old bugle.

The brilliant Scarlet Tanager is a native of Essex county. It is far from plentiful. Male and female are quite unlike in plumage. It is not a fine singer.

The Bobolink is a true Yankee bird, rollicking, good-natured, and a fine singer. The speaker was in England in 1861, when the news from the Federal army was discouraging, and he felt pretty blue. He was walking with an Englishman, when he heard a bobolink sing. He said he felt like taking his hat off to the bird, and he remarked to his companion, "That's my countryman and he's singing Yankee Doodle."

[Mr. J. A. Allen, in the July, 1886, *Bulletin of Museum of Natural History* authenticates 349 varieties of Massachusetts birds.]

The Captive Bird.

Oh me! what is this? Alas, and alas,
A sweet bird flutters upon the grass;
Flutters and struggles with quivering wing,
Tempted and snar'd—gentle, guileless thing.

Vain, vain thy struggles; for, lo, a hand
Hollow'd above makes thee captive stand.
Home hies the captor, loud singing his joy,
He has got a pet song-bird for his boy.

Now twining and twisting a cage he makes,
Wire wrought and fasten'd. Ah! my heart aches!
It is a prison, for the poor bird prepar'd,
Shut close and netted, netted and barr'd.

Comes the flutter and gleam of forest leaves
Through the trellis'd window under the eaves;
Comes the breath and stir of the vernal wind;
Comes the goldening sunshine—to remind
Of all that is lost: comes now and again
A far-off voice from the blading grain;
Calling, still calling, the songster to come
Back—once more back—to its woodland home.

I mark eyelids rise; mark the lifting wing:
Mark the swelling throat, as if it would sing;
Mark the weary "chirp, chirp," like an infant's cry,
Yearning after the free and boundless sky;
And the grand old woods, once more to sit
On the swinging bough into blossom smit.

Vain, vain, poor bird! thou'rt captive still;
Thou must bend thee to thy captor's will:
Thy wing is cut; from thy mate thou'rt taken;
All alone thou abidest, sad, forsaken.

—Crashaw.

An old, battered nag attached to a disreputable wagon was standing in Washington street yesterday, while the owner was off attending to his own affairs, and as he stood he gazed with longing eyes at a half-eaten apple some one had thrown into the gutter. Again and again did the poor fellow reach down his head to pick up the discarded morsel, but his bridle was just too short; he missed it every time. While the writer was debating whether it were better to go for an agent of the animal society and state the case to him, or to the Parker House, beg an apple and present it with Mr. Punchard's compliments, a charming young lady solved the problem by picking up the muddy fruit in her dainty gloved hand and giving it to the eager, if not grateful animal. The chief actor in this pretty scene then went her way unconscious of having done a kind act which any one had observed, while the battered nag slowly munched the coveted mouthful without saying so much as "Thank you." There is a moral to this tale, if one chooses to seek it.

—Boston Sunday Herald.

[More than one moral.]

My squirrel still lives and rules the house. She has an enemy that causes her much trouble,—a rat that comes into the wood-shed. I had noticed that whenever she went out there, she investigated the dark corners with care before she ventured to play, but did not understand it till I chanced to be sitting in the kitchen door once, as she was digging up a nut she had buried. Just as she got it up, a great rat sprang on her back; there ensued a trial of agility and strength to see which should have that nut. Neither seemed to be angry for they did not attempt to bite, but raced around the shed, cuffing each other at every opportunity; sometimes one had the nut, sometimes the other. I regret to say my squirrel, whenever she grew tired, took a base advantage of the rat by coming and sitting at my feet, gnawing the nut, and plainly showing by her motions her exultation over her foe. Finally the rat became so exasperated that he forgot prudence and forced her to climb up on my shoulder.

—Mrs. Beardslee.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

What Use of the Check-rein?

In the minds of thoughtful observers its effects are altogether harmful, varying in degree according to its length.

Its first is: To hinder the natural, legitimate use of the very muscles which the All-wise and beneficent Creator designed to be called into special play when the animal has a load to draw!

Its second is: To impair the circulation, thus causing heat and suffering in the brain and eyes!

Its third is: To hold back the horse's head so that the full force of the sun's glare shall fall in the animal's eyes, and he finds himself prevented from dropping his head, and so shielding them from this suffering!

I have seen horses stand this way by the hour with tight check-rein, compelling them to face the glare of the summer sun. Some of us remember being "bothered" by a persistent fly—our hands have been free, however, to fight our enemy off! Horses with short tails, having their heads checked, cannot defend themselves against this torment.

And now lastly, besides destroying grace and ease of motion, (which the tight check-rein must necessarily do,) the poor animal, if standing, suffers unceasingly with nervousness and restlessness, which find vent in the involuntary movements that not infrequently call forth punishment from the ignorant driver.

Those who own draught-horses would do well to consider the tax which the check-rein adds to the animal's burden. Many a tired draught-horse, not thus fettered, droops his head, while waiting, and perhaps "catches a short nap," which goes a great way towards repairing his used-up energy—and which makes him as "good as new," and ready to resume his toilsome labors. Even a loose check-rein prevents the horse, while standing, from obtaining his needed rest, because he is ill at ease; and the strap is cruel just in proportion as it will not allow his head to fall into its rightful and natural position. I repeat, what is the use of the check-rein? COMMON SENSE.

Ted's Foolish Blow.

On the first of September—the boys never forgot the date—after a pleasant tramp and good luck with their fishing, the brothers were lounging in the barn; for Daisy had company, and the lads kept out of the way.

"I tell you what it is, Bobby that dog is sick. He won't play, nor eat, nor drink, and acts queerly. Dan will kill us if anything happens to him," said Ted, looking at Don, who lay near his kennel, resting a moment after one of the restless wanderings which kept him vibrating between the door of Dan's room and the shady corner of the yard, where his master had settled him with an old cap to guard till he came back.

"It's this hot weather, perhaps, but I sometimes think he's pining for Dan. Dogs do, you know, and the poor fellow has been low in his mind ever since the boys went. Maybe something has happened to Dan. Don howled last night, and can't rest. I've heard of such things," answered Rob, thoughtfully.

"Pooh! he can't know. He's cross, I'll stir him up and take him for a run. Always makes me feel better. Hi, boy! wake up and be jolly"; and Ted snapped his fingers at the dog, who only looked at him with grim indifference.

"Better let him alone. If he isn't right tomorrow, we'll take him to Dr. Watkins, and see what he says." And Rob went on watching the swallows as he lay in the hay polishing up some Latin verses he had made.

"The spirit of perversity entered into Ted, and merely because he was told not to tease Don, he went on doing it, pretending that it was for the dog's good. Don took no heed of his pats, commands, reproaches, or insults, till Ted's patience gave out; and seeing a convenient switch near by, he could not resist the temptation to conquer the great hound by force, since gentleness

failed to win obedience.

"He had the wisdom to chain up Don first; for a blow from any hand but his master's made him savage, and Ted had more than once tried the experiment, as the dog remembered. This indignity roused Don, and he sat up with a growl. Rob heard it, and seeing Ted raise the switch, ran to interfere, exclaiming—

"Don't touch him! Dan forbade it! Leave the poor thing in peace; I won't allow it."

Rob seldom commanded, but when he did Master Ted had to give in. His temper was up, and Rob's masterful tone made it impossible to resist one cut at the rebellious dog before he submitted. Only a single blow, but it was a costly one; for as it fell, the dog sprang at Ted with a snarl, and Rob limping between the two, felt the sharp teeth pierce his leg. A word made Don let go and drop remorsefully at Rob's feet, for he loved him and was evidently sorry to have hurt his friend by mistake. With a forgiving pat Rob left him, to limp to the barn followed by Ted, whose wrath was changed to shame and sorrow when he saw the red drops on Rob's socks and the little wounds in his leg.

Ted soothed his remorseful soul by swinging Rob in the hammock, while Nan told stories till the dog man arrived. He said Don was a little under the weather, but no more mad than the little gray kitten that purred round his legs while the examination went on.

"He wants his master, and feels the heat. Fed too well, perhaps. I'll keep him few weeks and send him home all right," said Dr. Watkins, as Don laid his great head in his hand, and kept his intelligent eyes on his face, evidently feeling that this man understood his trials, and knew what to do for him.

—Miss Alcott's *Jo's Boys*.

Mr. Edward Greenleaf has been appointed an agent of the New Hampshire S. P. C. A. at Plymouth, N. H. He will be with President Marvin in attendance at the Grafton County three days fair to look after the traders in worn-out horses.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—The sixteenth annual report of the Illinois Humane Society, for 1885-6, is at hand richly freighted with valuable and interesting matter, the address of President Shortall, the report of Secretary Clarke, the resolutions and discussions of various topics at the yearly meeting, by Messrs. Brown, Dore, Peck, Swing, and others, all of which will amply repay one for reading. Besides its statistical importance it has great value as a humane tract.

It is a proper subject for congratulation, says the president, that during the year our work has progressed in value and in public recognition, and our force has been increased in efficiency; that we are not in debt, owing no man anything, except our love. That the action of the Society has been sustained by public sentiment everywhere. That our legislative bodies have been appreciative of the educational value of the organization, and have treated us wisely and well; and, finally, that we have been harmonious within our walls, and have worked together for the common good.

A fitting tribute is paid to the press of the city for its indispensable aid.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The Rhode Island Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has held its sixteenth anniversary of good works. It report begins with a retrospect of the vanished years, glances at the results of the labor performed in them, describes its methods of work and its detective department, the assistance employed, lays down the duties of its local agents, and gives a summary of work.

There were 1056 cases reported to the General Agent, but these fall far short of the real number. Many are remedied by local agents, who, supposing them too trivial for record, or being too much occupied, or from a natural disinclination to clerical work, seldom or never report.

In this respect all the Societies fail to show by their statistics the real magnitude of their work. We have at this

moment in mind one of the most efficient of our own agents who has done an untold amount of good that can never be known by human sense. He seldom reports. And he is only one of many.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Miss E. P. Hall, Secretary of the Rochester Humane Society, favors us with a handsome pamphlet containing full reports of both its lines of humane work, the penal code relating to cruelty to animals and to children, proceedings of the ninth annual meeting of the American Humane Association and a summary of the existing cruelties it hopes to cure.

The receipts of the Rochester Society were about \$1300, its expenditures \$819.80. President Markham's devotion to the cause is said to have "more than satisfied the requirements of the most exacting," a very flattering compliment in an exacting world.

This gratifying statement is made of the good results of work in behalf of abused animals. "Inquiring later as to the condition of the horse and his treatment from her master, the Society was encouraged to learn that the man's entire course of conduct had changed. Not only had he become considerate of his horse, but his home-life had improved even more sensibly. His wife, who had come to the conclusion that she could no longer endure his surly temper and overbearing treatment, and had meditated leaving him, acknowledged that the visit from the Humane agent had made a different man of her husband as regarded his consideration of her."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Secretary Hunter sends us an abstract of the humane work done by the Society, P. C. A. in the year ending May 31 last. 717 cases were investigated of which 230 were prosecuted. On the basis of former years' results there were probably about 200 convictions. Fines were \$1,610. Disbursements were \$1,976.25. Thirty-six horses and one cow were removed by the Society's ambulance. The average expense for removing each horse was \$8.43.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.—The annual report for 1885 shows a still further increase of its former large number of prosecutions, the total number being 7,026 against 6,349 of the preceding year. Of these, 5,812 were for working bullocks, and 680 for horses, while suffering from wounds and sores.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Field, who has for some time taken an active interest in the affairs of the Society, retires from the presidency, and it is proposed that he be elected an Honorary Member. The Honorable Mr. Justice Trevelyan succeeds him.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.—The annual report for 1885 devotes much of its space to the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs and Cats, that was opened last November. A large building, with well contrived apartments and open air enclosures all round it for exercise, will accommodate about 200 dogs. There is a separate house for the sick and diseased, and also a convenient cooking house with needful room for apparatus and storage. All strays are brought to the Home by the police. If not claimed within a reasonable time they are sold at moderate prices, or otherwise disposed of.

In another portion of the grounds is the cats' house. Hot water pipes warm several rooms in cold weather; broad shelves around the walls, covered with soft felt, form the sleeping places, and a wired-in grass-plot is attached to each compartment for out-door recreation. The cats are taken either as temporary boarders or life tenants; are well fed, and seem well contented with their comfortable quarters. Envious inhabitants of a feline paradise!

There is a nice residence for the caretaker. The entire cost of the establishment was nearly fourteen hundred pounds.

The cases of cruelty to animals considered during the year were 838, of which 633 prosecutions were ordered, only nine being dismissed by the magistrates.

Had we more friends, says the report, we could have additional inspectors; we could erect more drinking troughs for cattle; we could more frequently employ legal practitioners to conduct prosecutions for cruelty to animals in distant places. "Had we more funds"—on this side the water—too, 'so say we all of us.'

Officers of the Society.**President.**

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Boston.

Vice-Presidents.

His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

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Clerk at Society's Office,—Francis S. Dyer.

The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

One of The Charities Which Soothe and Bless and Save.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold;
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

I give and bequeath to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the sum of—dollars, directing my executors to pay the same to the person who may be acting as treasurer of said Society at the time.

A Noteworthy Example.

The late ex-Judge W. A. Porter of Philadelphia bequeathed \$2000 to the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. His will also directs that:

"When any of my horses cease to be useful they ought not to be sold, but disposed of with as little pain as possible in the manner in which I have been in the habit of disposing of horses owned by me when disabled. Especially is this direction applicable to my riding horse Rowland, for he has carried me thousands of miles in our Park without accident of any kind."

The Minister and the Elder.

Rev. Dr Norman McLeod's noted story of "The Starling" originated in the following true tale of a bird.

A very rigid clergyman of that city had a very decent shoemaker for an elder, who had an extreme liking for birds of all kinds, not a few of which he kept in cages, and they cheered him in his daily work. He taught one of them in particular (a starling) to whistle some of our finest old Scottish tunes. It happened on a fine Sabbath morning the starling was in fine feather, and as the minister was passing by he heard the starling singing with great glee in his cage outside his door, "Over the Water to Charlie!" The worthy minister was so shocked at this on the Sabbath morning that on Monday he insisted the shoemaker should either wring the bird's neck or demit the office of elder. This was a cruel alternative, but the decent shoemaker clung to his favorite bird, and prospered.

Cases Reported at Office in August.

For beating, 14; overworking and overloading, 17; overdriving, 3; driving when lame or galled, 60; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 12; abandoning, 1; torturing, 17; driving when diseased, 2; cruelly transporting, 1; general cruelty, 52.

Total, 179.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 48; warnings issued, 67; not found, 7; not substantiated, 48; anonymous, 6; prosecuted, 4; convicted, 4.

Animals taken from work, 24; horses and other animals killed, 108.

Receipts at the Society's Offices in August.**FINES.**

From Police Courts.—Brookline, \$2; Holyoke, (2 cases,) \$20; Lowell, [paid at jail,] \$15; Haverhill, \$20.

District Courts.—Westboro, [paid at jail,] \$20; Quincy, \$10; Waltham, \$20; Woburn, \$25.

Witness Fees, \$2.70. Total, \$134.70.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Louisa Kennedy, \$25; "R. E. Y.," \$25; Mrs. C. F. Adams, \$10; Jno. R. Brewer, \$10; Mary E. L'Honniedieu, \$4; G. H. Newman, \$3; Mrs. C. J. Burget, \$3; H. O. Sprague & Son, \$1.50; Mrs. G. W. Richards, \$1.50.

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C. E. Williams, A. Schreier, Dr. T. Giddings, Mrs. C. S. Rogers, O. O. Doolittle, J. W. Greene, Jno. Mayher, E. W. Wood.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

"L. M. A.," Sarah Jenkins, L. N. Dibble, E. P. Owen, Geo. W. Putnam, C. H. Johnson, W. F. Alvord, M. J. Loomis, James Morrison, Wm. J. Sheehan, F. D. Cordes, Geo. A. Maxfield, S. Fitzgerald, Mrs. E. M. Foote, Mrs. Gilbert Potvin, Miss Marshall, A. P. Childs, R. H. Wood, C. H. Lillic, A. L. Hubball, C. Ticknor, E. Hollister, S. A. Sanford, F. N. Deland, A. S. Fassett, L. A. Brewer, Wm. J. Van Dusen, E. S. Kenner, Mrs. A. H. Ballard, D. L. Gillette, Grant & Bees, B. F. Lewis & San.

Total, \$231.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Miss A. R. Palfrey, \$5; Miss Stevenson, \$4; Mrs. Caroline Bray, \$1.30; Miss S. J. Eddy, \$2; S. B. Campbell, .75; E. A. Howland, .75.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Estate of M. E. Slack, Miss, G. B. McQuesten, M. E. Smith, Mrs. Josiah Quincy.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Mrs. Chadbourn, Rev. Dr. E. E. Porter, S. C. Rockwood, Rev. F. H. Rowley, E. R. Brower, Francis L. Beal, Mrs. C. A. Fodish, W. E. Bridgman, H. Purdy, G. W. Longley, H. R. Gould, H. A. Hopkins, Otis G. Fisk, L. A. Smith, E. S. Bridgman, E. A. Clark, Mrs. Bouton, Mrs. A. Perry, Mrs. H. E. Higginbottom, M. Lux, M. Kelly, Geo. Anderson, O. Bruce, C. J. Jerome, W. F. Carson, G. S. Reed, V. Barstow, D. D. Hews, H. N. Kingsbury, E. G. Emitt.

Total, \$33.30.

OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$226.25; publications sold, \$11.17.
Total receipts, \$636.42.

Why Kill It?

Some one has just shot a hair seal in the Hudson River, near Flatbush, measuring over four feet in length and weighing sixty-five pounds, "the first that has been seen along that shore in many years." May we not ask why this poor harmless stranger should be shot? If the sportsman (!) was a cold and hungry Esquimaux there would be some reason, perhaps, for thus taking its life. To kill the thing hereabouts must be from mere wantonness, as no one can desire benefit either from its flesh or skin. This disposition to kill for only the pleasure of killing comes from the remnant left in us of the original savage, via that person whose exclamation is, "What a fine day, let's go and kill something,"—and should be eliminated in our higher civilization. If such poor game as a bald eagle or a blue heron, or an owl or a poor crow, or a squirrel or a seal strays, in its venture some confidence, in proximity to the haunts of men, straight away its life must pay the forfeit to this murderous propensity to kill.

A Story with a Moral.

The following illustration of the unreliability of human evidence is commended both to complainants and to impatient critics of those who cautiously investigate complaints.

When Von Ranke, the great historian who recently died at an advanced age, began to collect facts for his history a small bridge gave way and some passengers fell into the swift current below. He was absent, and on his return the next day he inquired into the particulars of the accident.

"I saw the bridge fall," said one. "A heavy wain had just passed over it, and weakened it. Two women were on it when it fell, and a soldier on a white horse."

"I saw it fall," declared another, "but the wain had passed over it two hours previous. The foot passengers were children, and the rider was a civilian on a black horse."

"New," said Von Ranke, "if it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noon-day, only twenty-four hours ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries?"

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or \$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses," .45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, 1.00 "
"Selections from Longfellow," 3.00 "
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy," .45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc. .65 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 "
Fifty-two "Band of Mercy" Songs and Hymns, book form, 2c. each.
"Band of Mercy Register," 8 cents.
"Cards of Membership," 2 cents each.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS,

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the

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Single copies, per annum, 50 cents; for four copies and below ten, 45 cents; for ten and below twenty-five copies, 40 cents; for twenty-five and below fifty, 35 cents; for fifty and below one hundred, 30 cents; and for one hundred and more copies, as now, 25 cents each, in advance. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Editor, Goddard Building, 19 Milk Street, cor. Hawley, Boston.

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